

The Times' Daily Short Story.

How an Artist Secured Recognition

(Original.)

This is a true story. About the middle of the last century there lived in France a sickly little boy. He was of an intellectual cast and his mother desired to give him an education. To do this she practiced pinching economy and often worked in the fields, as so many peasant women do in France. The boy made progress in his studies, but his natural bent was art. So when he was fifteen it was determined that he should go to Paris with a view to making a painter of himself.

"Go, Bastian, my dear boy," said his mother, "and may you one day be able to support yourself by selling your pictures."

The boy studied and painted for seven years. Meanwhile he had become a man and reliant on his own exertions for a livelihood. He found it rather a life bordering on starvation. Still he struggled on and though the world did not care to buy his pictures he made slow but sure improvement. The first thing for an artist in France to do is to paint a picture worthy of the salon. If this picture passes the committee and is hung on the walls that stamp the painter as proficient in art, Bastian started and worked on a picture for this purpose, but just as he was finishing it the Prussians marched with but little delay to Paris and laid siege to the city.

The salon was forgotten in the great work of defense. Bastian went with the others into the trenches, but on the first day of the siege a shell fell at his feet and wounded him. He was carried to his home in the country, where he lay ill and idle for two years. The work on his picture for the salon had been ruined during the siege by a shell that exploded in his studio, but Bastian could not remain idle always, and as he was too delicate for manual labor he resolved to return to Paris.

There was no prospect of his making a success at painting pictures to sell in the usual way, so he painted cheap fans. But even this was high art compared with what followed. One day a patent medicine manufacturer gave him an order to paint a picture illustrating his remedy's virtues. There is something horrible to one of an artistic nature in thus degrading his beloved art. Nevertheless the price to be paid for the picture would give Bastian the wherewithal to silence his hunger for several months. He repressed his distaste and undertook the work.

The theme he selected was a landscape bathed in the sunlight of April. The leaves on the trees were of that tender pale green only seen for a week or two in the month of sunshine and showers. Around a fountain danced

a group of young girls. The advertising feature was that the fountain came from the spring of the elixir of youth, or the patent medicine.

Bastian, being a true artist, while he worked forgot the ignoble use to which his picture was to be put and became absorbed in it. The landscape and the dancing girls under his touch became things of beauty. The coloring was delicious; the delicate leaves shone in the soft April sunlight; the maidens became living beings, fair and graceful.

When the picture was finished its creator looked at it, and the melancholy fact came upon him that it was to be used as an advertisement. He could not resign himself to believe that it was not fitted for a better purpose. Indeed, he was much pleased with his work. While he was musing before it the man who had ordered it came in.

"Let me offer it at the salon," pleaded Bastian.

Now, the patent medicine man knew no more about the rules regulating the salon than he knew of art.

"The very thing!" he said. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain with the name of my medicine on it."

Bastian explained that such a feature would not pass at the salon and it would ruin the picture as a work of art.

"Very well," said the manufacturer

angrily. "Then I will not pay you a sou for it."

Bastian was in despair. He could not give up the price of his labor without going hungry. There was but a slender chance of the picture's being accepted at the salon. Hundreds of hopeful artists send pictures there to have them refused. Would he not meet the same fate? Nevertheless there was something so attractive about his picture that he had not the heart to spoil it by a glaring advertisement. He resolved to go hungry and send his picture to the salon.

Then came a weary waiting while his contribution to art was being examined with hosts of others. One day news came that his picture had been admitted.

It was a relief, but did not insure success. Would it have a place before picture lovers merely or would they prize it?

The result, though it did not all come at once, was pronounced. The picture attracted great attention, sold for a good price, and orders came for others. Bastian, relieved of his distress and finding himself enabled to do the best work, left off painting fans, and so far as pictures for advertisements were concerned he was floated far above them. He became a patient laborer in an exalted field and in time produced pictures that placed him among the greatest French painters.

But what said the manufacturer of medicines?

"What a pity that so valuable an advertisement should have been spoiled!"

BRUCE PARKER.

Mules Versus Automobiles.

A Missouri paper says, "Our advice to Missouri is, Don't buy automobiles; buy mules." This blast of wisdom is based upon a prediction of government authorities that next year picked mules will be worth \$230 and draft mules will be in demand at \$200 each, says the Kansas City Journal. The mule has become a social and economic necessity. As one enthusiastic writer puts it: "The mule is fittest; hence it is bound to survive. Long after the last human being has been kicked off the face of the earth by the tentative, prehistoric flipper of a Missouri mule the stanch animal will roam and bray through the hills and continue to command the top of the market."

Land in Turkey.

Waste land in Turkey sells at \$15 an acre; good farming land at \$100 to \$150.

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LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE. A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used (water in paste polishes rusts the stove). No dried-up paste remains after using a while. Parlor Pride good to the last drop. Sold by all dealers. In Barre by Smith Bros., Chesson & Bird, Merchant & Fraser, B. D. Tomasi, Eastman Bros., Mrs. G. H. Griffin, W. H. Connor, Sweden & Lyon, F. D. Ladd, Reynolds and Son and Prindle & Averill.

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Winter Flowering Plants and Bulbs of all kinds. Get your Bulbs planted now to get the best results. The cost is small and the result in Spring cheerful after our long Winter. Are easy to cultivate. Directions cheerfully given. Nice lot of Boston Ferns and other Plants suitable for the home. Store open every day till 6 p. m. and 9 p. m. Saturdays. Sundays, for Flower orders only, from 9 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon.

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We want everybody suffering from any disorder of the stomach, bowels or liver to call at our store and get a full size bottle of "Seven Bars"—the great German stomach and liver regulator. As an evidence of good faith, we ask a deposit of 50 cents—but if after taking according to directions, the remedy does not accomplish all that is claimed, return the empty or partly used bottle and your money will be cheerfully handed back.

We could not afford to make a guarantee of this kind, were we not positive of our position. "Seven Bars" is not an untried remedy. It has been on the market for 35 years with astonishing success.

There is no remedy on earth that keeps its friends longer than "Seven Bars." There are thousands of American families never without a bottle, nor have they been without for 20 years. Grandmothers, mothers and children are all enthusiastic in their praise. Don't postpone calling for a bottle. You will not regret it.

Red Cross Pharmacy,

160 North Main St. Barre, Vermont.

HAGUE PEACE PALACE.

Details of Plans for Andrew Carnegie's Gift to the World.

Final decision has at last been reached concerning the Carnegie peace palace at The Hague, says the New York Tribune. The announcement was made the other day that the Dutch government had purchased a plot of land situated at the eastern end of The Hague, behind the Botanical gardens, to be given to the Carnegie committee. Following that it was officially announced that the future palace of arbitration would be built on the plan of the Brussels Palace of Justice, of which it will be an exact copy on a smaller scale.

The estimated cost of the peace palace is \$1,040,000, or about one-fifth the amount expended on the Brussels Palace of Justice. Mr. Carnegie's original offer on April 22, 1903, was \$1,500,000. Doubtless he will supply the rest. The general appearance of the palace now about to be erected will be that of a capitol. The style of the building will be classical, or Greco-Roman, as it is called here.

The edifice will consist of a main building, flanked at each end by a forepart and with a spacious central portico as the principal entrance. A double row of columns will rise to the right and left of this portico and behind them a large monumental staircase leading to the principal audience room, where the court of arbitration will hold its sittings. This audience chamber is to cover 12,000 square feet, being 270 feet long by 120 feet wide, with enormous pillars of white marble. Beyond this main chamber will be the principal committee room, modeled after the court of assizes of the Brussels palace, with facings of variegated marbles. At each end of this committee room will be subcommittee rooms.

Above, on the second floor, will be two spacious rooms, one reserved for the president and the other for the secretary of the permanent court of arbitration. The first of these rooms is to be ornamented with marbles of various colors. The second will have pillars of pink stucco, with pedestals of gilded bronze.

The dome which will surmount the palace and will, it is expected, give a majestic aspect to the structure will be supported by two superposed galleries, the lower being square shaped, the other round, flanked by enormous bronze statues of Clemency, Justice, Law and Strength.

Bullets and Pasteboard.

During some firing experiments by the Swedish government the bullets failed to penetrate targets made of pasteboard three inches in thickness, yet they easily passed through planks five inches thick.

For the Guns.

Alum and myrrh are both good for the guns.

Billiousness

"I have used your valuable Cascarets and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried you will never be without them in the family."

Edward A. Marx, Albany, N. Y.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, No. 25, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped 600. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 50c ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

ECHOES FROM THE WAR

How a Nude Japanese Hero Routed a Russian Force.

LARKING ON FIRING LINE.

Death Has No Terror for Muscovites in the Trenches—Horror of the Slaughter at Battle of Liaoyang.

A copy of the Kinokodo Magazine, printed in English, but edited by Japanese, has been received at Terre Haute, Ind., from Tokyo by friends of a man in the American navy. Among the articles is the story of "The Naked Hero," who has received the special attention of the emperor and is talked about in all Japan. The article says that Lance Corporal Ohashi gained the sobriquet by which he is known throughout the army, "The Naked Hero," in the battle of Chutiencheng on May 1. The story is told as follows, says the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"Our readers will remember that in this battle our troops had to cross several streams in order to reach the enemy's position on the other side of the Yalu. During the engagement the main body of the Imperial guards arrived on the left bank of the Aho and found that they must cross the stream to attack the enemy, who were strongly posted on the right bank. There was no bridge, and Lance Corporal Ohashi, Seventh company, Third regiment, Imperial guards, was selected for the honorable but dangerous task of wading the river to test its depth. Diving himself of his uniform and taking with him only a short sword, he jumped into the river, which he succeeded in crossing safely, despite the hail of bullets showered upon him.

"When he had thus demonstrated the fordability of the stream he was followed by the whole regiment, and the enthusiasm was so great that Ohashi never paused to resume his uniform, which his comrades brought, but naked as he was, headed the charging columns. The sight of the naked warrior was enough to strike fear to the hearts of the Russians, who fled before him. One man concealed himself behind a bush and took deliberate aim at him with a musket. But our hero saw the musket and quick as thought, seizing the weapon, killed its owner with one blow from the stock. The enemy's outposts having been carried, the column advanced some 1,000 meters to where the enemy's artillery was posted at the top of a steep hill. Ohashi, still too busy to resume his garments, was again in the forefront of the charge, personally killing two men and making one prisoner, and it was remarked with wonder that, although he had been a target and in the thickest of the fight, he did not receive a scratch. The emperor was much delighted when he heard of the exploits of Ohashi and examined with much interest the musket with which Ohashi killed his enemies."

I suppose it is because of the tremendous restrictions put upon them that the special correspondents in this Russo-Japanese war have given us so few of those little glimpses into the individual realities of war that make one feel akin with the soldiers fighting and dying for the two countries, says a writer in M. A. P. But now and then one does come across some of these glimpses. Here is one such tidbit. The scene is described in a letter written by Captain Bliznetsky, a Russian officer:

"Many of our men out of bravado gamble, jump for coppers and cut similar capers while under fire. However, I think the severest test of coolness is writing letters while shells are exploding around. I have tried to do it myself, but produced queer scrawls."

"Yesterday I witnessed this scene: The Japanese were pouring in a tremendous fire, and four or five shells had burst quite close. In the trench where I lay down four soldiers were colloquing together over the love letters which the only literate one in the lot was writing for the others. 'Say something flowery—something about the heart and the needle true to the pole,' said one. A storm of bullets whistled past. 'You wouldn't like those about the heart,' said the letter writer. 'And tell Pulcheria I've got 70 rubles since the war began and killed twenty Japs,' continued the amorous Ivan. 'Draw it mild; I'll say ten,' retorted the letter writer. Here a shell burst, and the concussion tore the letter out of the learned man's hand."

"Can you give us some paper, your honor? I tore the back from a letter, and the amorous continued his work. 'Begin! Pulcheria, these are my respects, and I love you'—But here another soldier, impatient, snatched the paper and said: 'Write for me: Ekaterina Rodionova, village of Semionova, government of Kharkov. My beloved Ekaterina, the bullets are whistling past, but that only makes me think of you. I have been wounded twice, and Colonel Friedericks says I am the bravest man in the army. Think of that and yet I love you'—"

"A bullet pinged and went through the hero's coat sleeve. A minute later the letter writer fell dead."

What the battle of Liaoyang in the Russo-Japanese war meant to many corps may be judged from the following letter from a private in General

Zarubeyev's division, says the London News:

"It was left to our men to keep off the Japs, under their General Oku. They made six attacks upon us in two days. The slaughter was awful. In the Third battalion were five men (here follow names) from Andrejevo, and all are dead. Toporsky had his head taken clean off by a shell, and the shell, without hurting, went on clean through his leather Lupa. I myself saw Yakovien bayoneted by a Jap, who stuck in his bayonet to the hilt and then gave a yell that made my blood run cold. Kuznetsoff, also from Andrejevo, was killed by a bullet which went into his mouth and stuck in the back of his neck. The Jap shrapnel and machine guns killed every man within ten yards of me, and for a quarter of an hour I was the only man standing in that part of the works. I nearly fainted, and every time I saw the flash of a gun I said to myself, 'Thank God, I'm dead at last!'"

Describing the same great battle, a private named Bulgakoff says: "Whenever he had a moment's rest old Yevgeni took out his reed and played a tune. The bullets kept hissing around him and around us, too, but as long as he played tunes we felt happy. When we had orders to fire, down would go Yevgeni's reed into the trench, there would follow a volley, and up the reed would go for another tune. Each man shouted for his favorite song, and it was 'Yevgeni, play us 'The German Peddler's Cat.' 'Yevgeni, play us 'Ludmila and the Stars,' and so on. Finally Y. got so excited

and proud that he shouted, 'Listen, boys; here is a tune of my own; it's called 'The Yellow Yaposha.' We never heard it, for at the first note a bullet went through his shoulder, and all the music he could squeeze out was a groan."

Entire Costumes of Calfskin.

Envious of the baby lamb's popularity the young calf has appeared in the world of fashion and with success, says the New York Press. Muffs, stoles and cuffs of the sleek brown and white piebald calfskin are the latest things. Many persons say the skin is not pretty, but what has that to do with its being fashionable? But calfskin was commonplace beside the complete suit of black undressed kid worn by Mrs. John Markle of New York, daughter of Mrs. J. Hood Wright, when she recently sailed for Genoa. The skirt was of walking length and the coat half tight and of knee length, with strapped seams and large kid buttons. For steamer wear nothing could be better, and for shopping, golfing and, above all, for the automobile, these suits of kid are admirable. Mrs. Austin Corbin wore a muff, stole and hat of calfskin in modish brown and white one day recently. But it may prove that the sleek "bossey" will appeal more to women who can afford to humor every whim than to the lover of beautiful warm furs.

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The mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice are the finest in the world. They cover 40,000 square feet of the upper walls, ceilings and cupolas and are all laid on a gold ground.

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